

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Six little marks from school are we;  
Very important, all agree,  
Filled to the brim with mystery,  
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,  
But where it stands the voice must fall,  
At the close of a sentence, all  
Place this little mark from school:

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,  
Holds up the voice, and never failing,  
Tells you not to pause when halting  
This little mark from school:

If out of breath you chance to meet,  
Two little dots, both round and neat,  
Pause, and these tiny guardians greet—  
These little marks from school:

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,  
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,  
Then speeds you on to seek new treasures;  
This little mark from school:

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,  
"Keep up the voice—await replies;"  
To gather information tries;  
This little mark from school:

One little mark, with an exclamation,  
Presents itself to your observation,  
And leaves the voice at an elevation,  
This little mark from school:

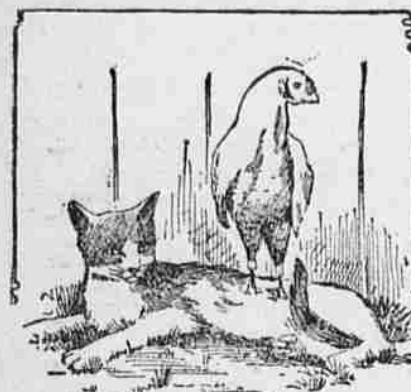
Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;  
Carefully study, write and read us;  
For you can never cease to need us,  
Six little marks from school!

—Julia M. Colton, in St. Nicholas.

### STRANGE COMPANIONS.

#### How a Cat and a Chicken Struck Up a Close Companionship.

Chickens and cats, collectively, are not considered the most congenial companions. A strange exception to the enmity that usually exists between the feline and the feathered tribes is to be found in Mount Vernon, Ill., in the household of a photographer, where the family cat, with an instinct of



STRANGE FRIENDS.

material solicitude rarely exhibited in animals for the young of other species, took into her fold of newly-born kittens a little orphan chicken, cherishing it as one of her own offspring. The little waif was accidentally cast upon the world, the egg which contained it being hatched in an unaccountable way, without the warmth always given by the mother hen. The little kittens and their adopted sister thrived in peace and harmony together. Of course, the little stranger did not eat at the same table with the rest of the family, but found its nourishment from little insects, worms and crumbs. But they basked in the sunshine under the same maternal guidance, and warmed on cold nights at the same motherly breast. The strangest part of all is that when the kittens arrived at maturity the old cat parted with them without a murmur, while nothing, it seems, can sever the ties that bind her to the chicken, now grown to stately henhood.

#### MOTHER KANGAROO.

##### This Tells You How She Loves and Brings Up Her Children.

This mother is as fond of jumping as the grasshopper is, and nature has given her the power to take long leaps and to get over the ground faster than any other animal do in running. She takes sometimes thirty feet at a jump, which is pretty rapid locomotion, you see.

The kangaroo, for I suppose you know what animal is referred to, can walk, but it is an awkward walk at best. Apparently it would be better to hop when hopping is so much easier, and no doubt the kangaroo thinks so. The tail of the kangaroo is almost as good as a fifth leg to her. She rests upon it in walking or jumping and uses it as a weapon to strike animals that attack her.

The kangaroo is said to be a sociable animal. It lives in the woods, in herds. But the strangest thing about the mother kangaroo is the way she arranges her nursery. She does not construct a house in a cave or a hollow tree or in the ground. Nature has provided her with a soft, furry bag on the under side of her body. So she carries her babies around with her everywhere she goes. In this bag the babies stay until, at eight or nine months old, they have grown strong enough to hop out a little and eat some nice, fresh grass while the mother is getting her own dinner.

But even when it gets to be a pretty big child the baby kangaroo likes to creep back again sometimes to its cozy, warm summer nursery and take a nap. And while the babies are hopping about the mother is very watchful. At the slightest suspicion of danger she picks up her children, pops them into the bag and off she hops with them to a safer place.

In Australia the giant kangaroos are hunted for food. They are very good to eat, and they often have occasion to hop as fast as they can to get out of the way of hunters who are determined to have a good dinner of kangaroo meat. Sometimes they are caught in nets. Indeed, there are all sorts of ways of catching them.

#### Pearls and Joys.

Little boys are little joys.  
When they are loving and true;  
Little girls are little pearls,  
When they are sweet—like you!

—Youth's Companion.

### MINGO'S FIFTH HAND.

#### The Remarkable Things a Monkey Could Do with His Tail.

I was standing one day by the house of a large Newfoundland dog, whose attention was evidently much taken up by a number of lusty puppies, writes Charles Frederick Holder, when evidently I noticed a slender snake-like object gradually slip out of a neighboring dog house, and insert its tip into the door of the first dog house.

The shaggy mother within blinked quite peacefully, and one of the puppies galloped toward the intruder. Evidently this was what was wanted, for immediately the object coiled around the leg of the puppy in a gentle, friendly manner and began to pull him toward the door.

The little dog protested after the manner of his kind, but the visitor was persistent, and slowly the puppy was dragged out of his own house, across the foot of space between, and after some little scuffling disappeared into the other house.

A moment later along came a kitten, and stopped before the doorway of the second doghouse, and out came the long, insinuating object again, and before the kitten could object, even had she been so disposed, one of her hind legs was encircled, and she, like the puppy, moved toward the doorway, dragged along tail first.

She uttered a single plaintive meow, which, understanding something of the cat language, I considered more a sound of passive acquiescence than anything else.

My eyes soon again reverting to the opening encountered a pair of great brown ones, pathetic and mournful to a degree, peering from beneath gray eyebrows.

For a moment the eyes looked at me, then seeing that I was friendly, the head to which they belonged came out, and there rose before me the owner of the mysterious serpentine object—a monster so tall and slender, so completely given over to arms and tail that I could only compare it to a gigantic spider coming out of its den.

It stood up, reaching one long, attenuated arm almost to my shoulder, and then I perceived that it held under the other the puppy, whose blue eyes blinked at me in amazement.

Another step and out came the kitten, the monkey's marvelous tail, which was like a fifth hand, still clasped firmly about her leg.

Upon leaving his house Mingo assumed a perfectly upright position, holding one hand over his head, and, then occasionally dropping to all four, he crossed the little grass plot and easily swung himself into a tree.

His long tail stretched out to its full length, and by it he actually lifted the kitten until, when four or more feet from the ground she scrambled at the limb and aided herself up.

Mingo finally settled himself on a bough with the puppy, which he held closely in his arms.



THE MONKEY, THE PUPPY AND THE KITTEN.

Mingo, the Spider monkey, belonged to a tribe known as Coatis, and came from the valley of the Amazon.

Mingo's fifth hand or tail was so deft and cunning in all its movements that one wondered whether somewhere there was not an eye or two concealed in the coarse hairs to enable it to find its way about.

When Mingo walked a limb the fifth hand was invariably caught on a higher limb so that, when he lost his hold, as he sometimes did, with his hands and feet, he swung in safety by the tail.

The tail was frequently employed to inspect crevices in its owner's house, and it could pick up very small objects with the greatest ease.

When approached, Mingo would often extend his tail and grasp one's finger with it in a most confiding manner.

#### A Serious Case, Indeed.

Few things vex a physician more than to be sent for in great haste at an unreasonable hour, only to find upon arrival that little or nothing is the matter with the patient. An eminent English surgeon was called to an "urgent case" of this sort, and found that the patient, who was a man of great wealth but small courage, had received a very slight wound from a fall. The surgeon's face did not betray his irritation, but he gave his servant orders to go home with all possible haste and return with a certain plaster. The patient, turning very pale, said, anxiously:

"I trust, sir, there is no great and immediate danger?"

"Indeed there is," answered the surgeon. "Why, if that fellow doesn't run like a racehorse, there's no telling but your wound will heal before he gets back with the plaster!"

### FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Current Catsup.—Four pounds red currants, one and one-half pounds of sugar. Stew till thick, add one pint of vinegar and spices. Boil up and bottle.—Housekeeper.

—Economic Cream Pies.—Two eggs, one cupful of sugar, one small teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, not quite half a cupful of cold water, and one and three-quarters cupfuls of flour. A pint of cream is sufficient for the two pies.—Good Housekeeper.

—Custards.—To make a custard take one can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand condensed milk, to which add one quart of water, four eggs beaten light, a pinch of salt, flavor and sweeten to taste. This will make an excellent custard.—N. Y. Observer.

—Bread Cake.—Four cups of bread dough (very light), three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one teaspoonful each of all-spices, cinnamon and cloves, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Rub butter and sugar together, then add the eggs, spices, soda and fruit, then the dough mixed in very thoroughly. Put into pans, let stand fifteen minutes and bake. Excellent for lunch.—Home.

—Keep on hand plenty of bowls, not only one or two big ones for mixing up cake and sponge, but three or four medium-sized ones for which you will find more uses than I can tell you, and a "nest" of little bowls. They are so easily cleaned, take up little room, and are convenient for holding remnants of food to place in the ice chest or elsewhere. Put it in a small one and turn over it a larger one.—Farm and Home.

—Manchester Pudding.—Beat the yolks of two eggs thoroughly, add three ounces of bread crumbs, and two ounces of sifted sugar. Dissolve one ounce of butter in one pint of milk, flavor with grated lemon peel, and pour over the bread and eggs. Beat well together, pour into a greased pie-dish, and bake carefully for an hour. Then spread a little good preserve over. Cover lightly with the well-beaten whites of eggs, sprinkle sugar over, and brown slightly in the oven.—Liverpool Mercury.

—Potato Omelet.—Take a pint of cold mashed potatoes and heat over the fire with two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, beating with a fork until smooth and light. Add four beaten eggs, pepper, salt and a little nutmeg, and press through a sieve; beat one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and cook half of this mixture like an omelet. It is delightful with bacon or ham cut in thin rashers and fried crisp.—American Agriculturist.

—A Dish of Snow.—Heap a grated coconut up in the center of a handsome dish and ornament with pretty green leaves or ferns. Serve it up with snow cream, made as follows: Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add two large spoonfuls of fine, white sugar, one large spoonful of rose water or pineapple; beat the whole together, adding a pint of sweet, thick cream. Put several spoonfuls over each dish of coconut.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—To Make Iced Tea.—Seald the teapot, put in the tea while the pot is hot, turn in a little boiling water and let it stand about five minutes; then fill up the teapot with boiling water. The quantity depends upon taste. Do not let the tea stand in the pot, but turn it at once into a pitcher, and as soon as it is sufficiently cool place it on the ice until it is icy cold. Serve with it a dish of cracked ice and slices of lemon. This is a delightful, refreshing drink on a hot day. The secret of making good tea is in using freshly-boiled water.

### HABITS OF THE WOODCOCK.

Some English Methods of Capturing the Shy Birds.

Every sportsman knows that woodcocks are here to-day, gone to-morrow. He often finds that where there were plenty yesterday not a single cock remains. Upon one occasion the earl of Clermont shot fifty brace in one day. This feat was the result of a wager, and the bag was made by two o'clock in the afternoon with a single-barreled flintlock. The birds were shot in a moist wood, and it is in such spots on the mild west coast that the woodcock finds its favorite haunt.

In England the birds affect coppice woods, frequenting most those which are wet and such as have rich deposits of dead and decaying leaves. Most of these coppices are of oak and birch and, being only of a few years' growth are thick in the top. Killing cocks as they dash through the tops of these, seldom rising above the bushes, is one of the greatest tests of a shooter's skill. Then the birds have a habit of dropping down at a short distance, which almost invariably deludes the inexperienced gunner.

When they are put up from their resting places during the day the flight is rapid; at evening it is slow. It is now that they are easiest to shoot, though in some parts of the country they are still taken in nets as they fly at dusk through the paths of the woods. Netting woodcocks was at one time the common way of taking them, for they have always been highly esteemed as food.

Another method of capture was by "gins" and "springs;" and it would seem that in times past the "wood-snipe" was considered a stupid bird. None of the denizens of the woods conform better or more closely to its environment. The browns and duns and yellows of its plumage all have their counterpart in the leaves among which it lies, and it has been pointed out that the one conspicuous ornament of the bird is covered by a special provision from the gaze of those for whose admiration it is not intended.

This is the bright coloring of the tail feathers, which cannot be seen except at the will of the bird in flight. The protection lacks in one thing, however, and that is its large dark eye; this is full, bright, and (so to speak) obtrusive. It is not often that a special provision of this kind is injurious to its owner, but the luster which beams from the eye seems to negative the advantage of its protective coloring.—St. Louis Republic.

### SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A frozen soap bubble broken in two and floating like an iridescent transparent egg shell on the surface of a vessel of liquid air was one of the most marvelous sights shown by Prof. Dewar recently in a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, on the effects of intense cold.

—Of a total of 13,000,000 acres in South Carolina, 5,000,000 are improved, while the remaining 8,000,000 are unimproved. In Georgia out of 25,000,000 acres, only 9,500,000 are improved. Either of these states probably contains a greater percentage of unimproved land than any other in the Union.

—The dragon fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this power consist? No one can answer.

—The total catch of whales for 1892 was 315, of which number the bones of seventy-three will not come to San Francisco until the fall of 1894. The others produced 355,000 pounds, and there is on hand 41,000 pounds. Taking off the amount sold the visible supply is reckoned at 364,000 pounds, as against 402,800 pounds at the same time last year, at which date the bone was selling at \$4 to \$5 per pound.

—Agricultural statisticians estimate that since 1840 the world's production of meat has increased 57 per cent., while that of grain has increased 420 per cent. In 1855 the world's total production of wheat was only 800,000,000 bushels, whereas now it is 2,400,000,000 bushels. Beerbohen, the noted English authority on the grain trade and cereal crops of the world, estimates the yield of wheat at about 104,000,000 less than the crop harvested last year.

—Advantage is taken of every expedient to utilize the heat of coal under boilers. The most important step in this line is to secure the ends of angle iron bars to the interior of the boilers' heating surface and projecting them through the water, and also projecting similar bars through the fire chamber, whereby the heat is taken up by the water within. A test made on a boiler thus constructed showed an added efficiency of 33 per cent. in the heating capacity, which is certainly a remarkable advance.

—The adulterants of beer or those of wine call all the discoveries of science to their aid and make compounds which for savor, color and bouquet deceive all ordinary consumers. Malted grains, hops, yeast and water, the normal materials for producing beer, are all displaced. Glucose and glycerine take the place of malt. For hops are used beef oil, aloes, quassia, absinthe, gentian, colocyne, salicine, island moss, orange and lemon peel and various other substances. Alum is used to clear it. The color is improved by caramel, chicory and various manufactured mixtures.

—Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once every twenty-four hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed necessary to accomplish that feat. The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The earth, in making one revolution in twenty-four hours, must turn with a velocity nearly equal to that of a cannon ball. In short, the rate of speed at the equator has been estimated at nearly 1,500 feet per second, or a mile every thirty-six seconds, or seventeen miles a minute.

### TOOK HIS FEE OUT.

The Broker Will Not Again Ask for His Friend's Professional Opinion.

There's nothing mean about a lawyer when it comes to taking in the fees. The other day a well-to-do Detroit attorney ran short ten dollars and went across the hall to a broker's office to borrow it.

"Lend me ten dollars till to-morrow," he said, "and I'll give you my check for it."

"Um—er," responded the broker doubtfully, "what is your opinion as to my ever getting the ten again?"

"My professional opinion?" inquired the attorney, entering into the spirit of the joke.

"Well, I should say it was a safe loan and would recommend it."

"Very good; here's the money," and the broker handed him a ten-dollar bill.

"Now give me a check and I'll fill it out," said the attorney, and the broker did so.

The check was duly made out and given to the broker.

"Here," he said, "this is for only seven dollars."

"Of course," responded the attorney, with never a smile.

"But I let you have ten."

"Certainly you did, but you asked me my professional opinion, which should have been five dollars, but I only charge you three dollars, seeing you are a neighbor of mine," and the attorney walked dignifiedly out of the broker's office.—Detroit Free Press.

### Forest Fires and Wicked Weeds.

Whenever there is a costly forest fire, or some pestilential weed overruns a territory, the first rush is to legislatures for help. It reminds one of the Esopian fable of the waggoner stuck in the mud, and praying to Jupiter to pull the wheels out. There could be no forest fires without an accumulation of dead brush. The annual fall of leaves or dead twigs might have a yearly fire run through them, and the trees not suffer at all. Instead of employing hordes of "inspectors" at enormous salaries to dress up in uniform, to "arrest gunners or campers, who may build fires or accidentally start a blaze," the same number to "men," at half the wages, to go to work and burn dangerous material, would make forests absolutely safe.—Mahan's Monthly.



GREEN AS THE LETTUCE SHE BOUGHT.

The New Cook—Oh, please, mum, the butcher says I'm to have five per cent. on orders. And I don't know what it means.  
Mistress—It means, cook, that we are going to have a new butcher.—Pall Mall Budget.

### Narrow Escape.

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, "that young man with the blonde hair and pale mustache seems to be a good deal stuck on Bessie."  
"I wish you wouldn't use coarse slang when you talk, John," replied Mrs. Billus.

"What is the young fellow's name?"

"His name is Leech."  
"Maria," observed Mr. Billus, after a thoughtful pause, "you see I wasn't talking slang."—Chicago Tribune.

### False Alarm.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Your little boy climbed over the fence and ran over my flower beds.

Mrs. Suburb—Horror! They had just been watered, hadn't they?

"No."

"Oh, well, never mind; the exercise won't hurt him, if he didn't get his feet wet."—Good News.

### A Questionable Crime.

The Police Magistrate—You admit that you assaulted this man? Then I am afraid I must give you a severe sentence.

The Prisoner—Your honor, he is my next-door neighbor and he starts his lawn-mower going at seven o'clock every morning.

The Police Magistrate—Prisoner discharged.—Chicago Record.

### A BLISSFUL DREAM.



Mr. Kennard—I had a very strange dream last night, Lucie. I thought I saw another man running off with you.

Mrs. Lucie Kennard—Well, and what did you say to him?

Mr. Kennard—I asked him what he was running for.—Brooklyn Life.

### Knew His Man.

Managing Editor—Why didn't you print Scribbler's remarkable article about a crazy millionaire scattering money along the streets?

City Editor—It's a fake. If it had been true, we wouldn't have had the article.

"Why not?"

"Scribbler would have been following him yet."—N. Y. Weekly.

### Treated All Alike.

"Why did she attach such a peculiar condition to the engagement?"

"Oh! she said that was one of her rules and she couldn't make any exception in my case."—Judge.

### And the Last Shall Be First.

Stella—Wouldn't you like to know if you are the first girl that Tom ever loved?

Isabel—No; I'd rather be certain that I'm the last one.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### A GRANDER ACHIEVEMENT.



First Child (proudly)—My sister had a tooth pulled to-day, and she didn't make a bit of fuss about it.

Second Child (contemptuously)—Bah! That's nothing. My mamma takes all her teeth out every night and doesn't say a word about it.—Truth.

### A Horrible Mistake.

Merchant—Mr. Remington, you have ruined me—simply ruined me!

Stenographer—How so, sir?

Merchant—I dictated a letter yesterday to "Mrs. Ferguson; Hotel Woodmore, Suite One," and you began it, "Mrs. Ferguson, Hotel Woodmore, Suite One;" and Mrs. Ferguson forwarded the letter to my wife.—Truth.

### HE SAID THE RIGHT THING.



Miss Weston (inquiringly)—How is it, Mr. Lenox, you and Mr. Lakewood were such friends and now you act so strangely? What has come between you?

Charley Lenox (eagerly)—The sweetest woman in the world.

(Three days later Lakewood was told she could only be a sister to him.)—Truth.

### The Surest Way.

She—I am not quite sure that kissing is proper.

He—Nor I, either, for that matter.

She—What shall we do to settle the question?

He—Let us put our heads together and reason it out.—Truth.

Miss Lilly Flapjack Rebuked.

Gus De Smith recently called at the residence of the Widow Flapjack. The widow and her daughter, Lilly Flapjack, received Gus in the parlor.

"Mr. De Smith, don't you think I resemble my mother?" asked Lilly.

"Lilly," said Mrs. Flapjack, sharply, "don't display your vanity and egotism so much."—Texas Siftings.

### Went Against Him.

The tramp awoke and softly wept. His bed was not of rocks.

"Twas worse. Unwittingly he'd slept Upon an old soap box."—Judge.

### HIS VICTORY.



"Oh, Mr. Longhead, I just saw Charley Greene eloping with your wife!"

"Good! Now I'm even with him. He sold me a horse last week."—Life.

### She Was Grateful.

Irate Husband—I wish you were somewhere where I could never see you again.

Patient Wife—Well, that's equivalent to wishing I were in Heaven. Thanks.—Truth.

### Between Girl Friends.

Priscilla—Don't you envy my luck? Isn't Jack Murray a splendid fellow to have for a fiancé?

Prunella—Oh, yes—I know that from experience.—Truth.

### Without Fail.

Though woman, lovely woman, Sometimes fails to have her way, You can bet your bottom dollar That she'll always have her say.

—Indianapolis Journal.